THE DIARY OF THE WEEK OF THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO BABY.

SUNDAY.

March 8.—Fatima and her infant spent the day in eating and bathing. The mother partook of sixty pounds of hay, ten quarts of bran-mash, six loaves and a quantity of apples. Fatima exhibited the tenderest solicitude for her offspring.

MONDAY.

March 9.—While Fatima was attending to her infant's toilet this morning she opened her mouth and was pleased to note four fine tusks. Two keepers entered the cage to clean it and Fatima very promptly put them out. She will have no interference in her household.

TUESDAY.

March 10.—This was a truly horrible day, and Fatima felt uncomfortable herself and alarmed for her infant. The driving wind and falling snow could be heard outside, and some cold draughts were even felt in the sheltered cage. Both went into the tank and spent most of the day there.

WEDNESDAY.

March 11.—By weighing her infant on her back Fatima was able to note the satisfactory increase of five pounds during the first twenty-four hours. The infant's appearance was distinctly pleasing, her eye bright and her form neatly rounded.

THURSDAY.

March 12.—To-day the infant showed remarkable signs of vigor, activity and an inquiring disposition. Her mother, who never lets her away from the end of her nose, had difficulty in keeping her from escaping between the wide bars. The menagerie people put up boards.

FRIDAY.

March 13.—During the day the infant caused her mother some anxiety, owing to her frisky ways. She got into a part of the cage where her mother's nose was too large to enter and grinned impudently at her. During the afternoon the young lady made her debut in New York society.

SATURDAY.

March 14.—Fatima rose at daylight, about 6 a. m., and pushed her infant into the water, where she took her breakfast, as usual, entirely immersed. Afterward she walked on her mother's back and inspected the world about her. It was not interesting, consisting chiefly of canvas.

OUR LITTLE RIVER HORSE.

Facts About the New Born Hippopotamus.

SHE INCREASES FIVE POUNDS DAILY.

And Feeds Entirely Under Water—Her Nervous and Sensitive Mamma.

It is not altogether pleasant to be born in a cage in New York when nature intended that you should have the boundless mud and waters of the Nile for a home. That is the case of the little hippopotamus in the Central Park menagerie, and that is one reason why we should have the greatest respect and sympathy for her and all her family.

Able humorists have so busied themselves with the little hippopotamus that we are apt to neglect the very interesting zoological facts concerning her. We should also keep in mind the remarkable distinction conferred on this city by the hippopotamus family. Not a single member of the species has been born and reared in captivity elsewhere, while in New York one has been born and grown up to be a mother, and her little daughter promises to live and flourish like herself.

In the first place, it should be understood that the hippopotamus is a highly intelligent animal. This fact is not generally known, but it could be ascertained by a study of Caliph, Fatima and Miss Murphy at the Park. A glance at the animal's head will show that he has great cubic capacity for brain matter.

The hippopotamus is extremely nervous. This seems truly extraordinary in a pachyderm, whose skin over the greater part of the body will resist a rifle bullet. But it is true that the slightest sound, made near him, will catch his ear, and if unusual, will cause him uneasiness. A fly or tickling straw will make him twitch his vast hide.

But the nervousness of the animal is exhibited in the most striking manner by the female when she has a young one. Any unusual sound near her cage will cause her to tremble violently all over, and if it is continued she will exude from her skin a brown moisture, looking like blood. Then if anybody comes near she will make a furious rush at him, and if she can reach him, tear him to pieces.

Keeper Murphy at the Park has already learned this disposition of the maternal hippopotamus. He and two others entered her cage two days after the birth of the little one to arrange her straw. At once she rushed at them, and they had a narrow escape. Two were able to slip through the bars, but the third was too fat, and had to get out over the top of the partition.

When the youngster was born Fatima made preparations for its arrival as nearly as possible as she would have done on the banks of the Nile. She collected a bundle of hay on the very edge of the tank and arranged it somewhat like a nest. Very soon after the youngster was born Fatima dropped into the water, taking the little one with her. That is the invariable way of the family.

The young hippopotamus now lives almost entirely in the water, and is always quite under water when suckled by the mother. The little one can stay under twenty minutes, considerably longer than her mother or any adult. She sometimes comes up to breathe only for a second.

Fatima's infant has a remarkably robust appearance and a very bright eye. Other hippopotamuses born in captivity have been anæmic and hollow-cheeked. The little one is of a pinkish color, much lighter than the grown-up animals. Her nose is round, lacking that breadth and flatness which lend so much individuality to the countenances of the full grown. Her eyes are lightgray.

The infant probably weighs to-day a hundred pounds. Of course it has been impossible to weigh her. If she furnishes one will increase for the next six months at the rate of five pounds a day. It would be that time before she takes nourishment otherwise than from the maternal breast.

Fatima, her mother, is six years old and weighs about 3,000 pounds. She is only just full grown. The paternal Caliph weighs 5,500 pounds. He eats seventy pounds of hay, ten pounds of bran mash, six pounds of apples and carrots and six loaves all in a day.

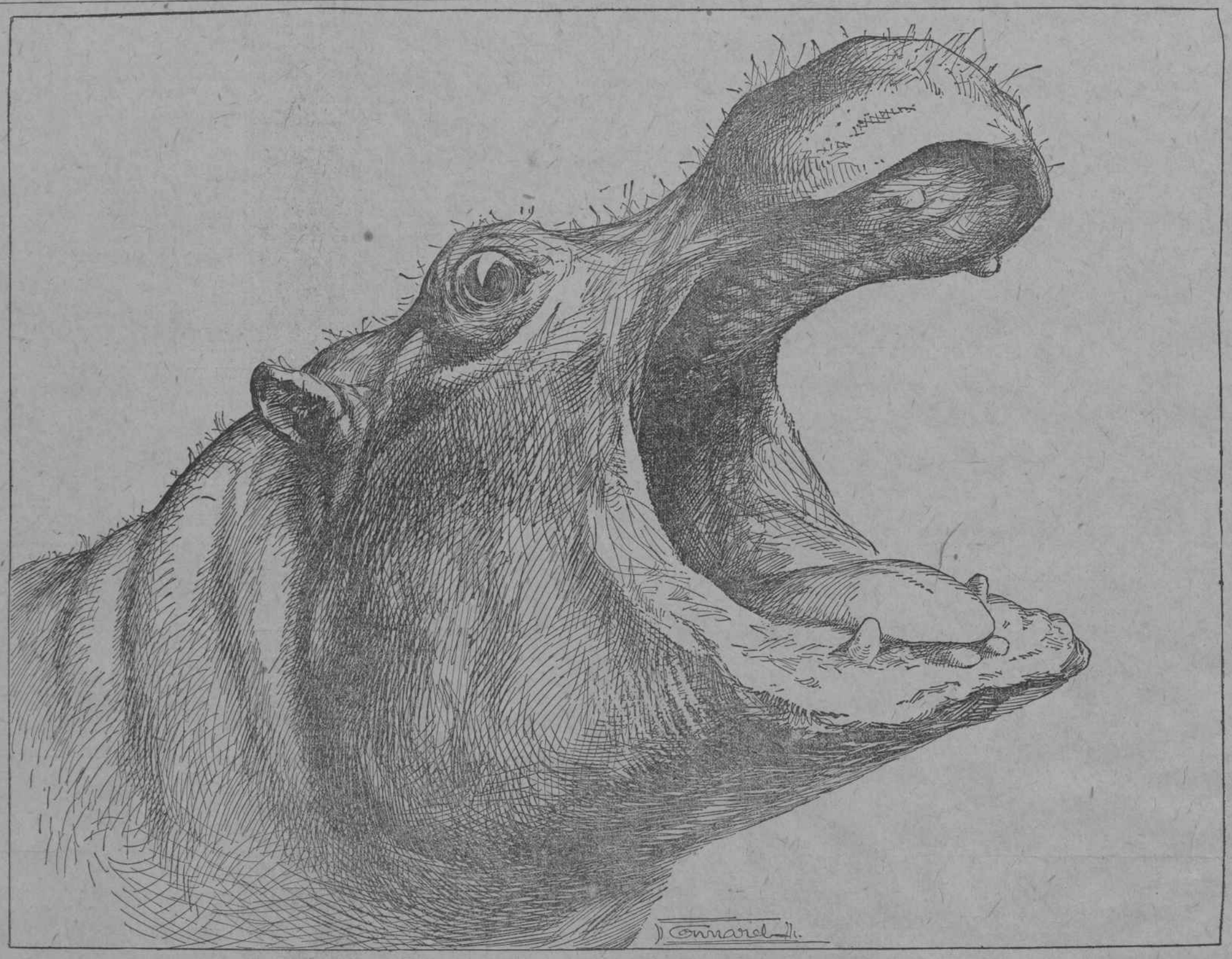
The keepers have had only one chance to see inside the infant's mouth. Once she came up for a moment, snorted vigorously and then plunged under water again. It was seen that she had a promising supply of little ivory tusks.

Her teeth will grow fourteen inches, including the part under the gums, during her career. Her skin will be an inch thick and impervious to a pistol shot, but sensitive to the hand of kindness.

The hippopotamus is truly a most amiable animal. His only desire in life is to live in peace and amity with his fellowmen and animals. But, like that of all large wild animals in captivity, his temper grows uncertain with age, and for that, in view of our responsibility, we should not too severely censure him. He will always open his mouth when politely asked to do so and will take an apple from the hand of a child.

Once in the London Zoological Gardens, where the happy hippopotamus has a beautiful big bank, the keeper went home on a hot afternoon, after shutting the animal in his cage, away from the tank. Another keeper, hearing the hippopotamus shouting for water, let him out into the tank. Then the original keeper, finding the day exceedingly hot, came back, took off his clothes and plunged into the tank. The hippopotamus was hidden under the water. He was greatly surprised and somewhat alarmed when the man came in violent contact with him, but he shewed no disposition to be rude. Many men would have behaved in a less gentlemanly manner than he did.

When at first we regard the hipoopotamus with his short legs and huge head and body, we are inclined to hold him ugly but when we consider well the purpose for which he was constructed we must admit a sentiment of admiration. The natural life of the hippopotamus is the most happy that can be conceived. He floats all day long in well nourished content on the broad bosom of an African river, where blue skies and sunshine are perpetual, except during a brief rainy season, which to him is a refreshing change.



The Pleasing Countenance of Our New Baby Hippopotamus.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

The Serio-Comic Drama Recently Witnessed by a Crowd on a Bridge Over the Seine.

One of the funniest episodes ever witnessed by the public delighted the passers-by on the Louis Philippe Bridge at Paris the other day. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a wild-eyed man, apparently close to thirty years of ago, stopped in the middle of the bridge. There, with his elbows resting on the parapet, he paused and remained for some time looking fixedly in the direction of the Quai de l'Hotel de Ville, where a handsome young woman leaned from a fourth-story window, with her eyes resting upon him.

Their glances met. Then each waved the other a kiss of adieu. A second later the young man threw one leg over the parapet of the bridge, apparently on the point of casting himself into the muddy waters of the Seine below.

People rushed forward to stop him. But they paused when they saw him hesitate, still gazing at the fourth-story window on the opposite bank, where was still the pretty young woman.

With their instinctive passion for a dramatic scene, the Parisian crowd held back and watched breathlessly the outcome of the little drama, which they felt sure was to be played out before their eyes, and which all mentally resolved they would see finished without an attempt to retard its progress.

At the same moment the young man threw his leg over the parapet the young woman put hers—and it was a plump and daintily stockinged one—out over the window ledge. There was no doubt that if he threw himself into the river she would cast herself down upon the paving stones in the street fifty feet below.

A hurried whisper of surmise ran through the breathless crowd. "She's a friend or wife, and they've had a quarrel—probably a good many. He's sworn to kill himself, and she's repentant and vows he shall not, for her action shows she had rather die than to live without him. It's a good and original scene."

Thereupon many people in the crowd took out pencil and paper and began to make notes, for probably nine Frenchmen out of ten believe they are born dramatists and carry about in their heads or in their pockets the plots of several plays.

The man on the bridge let his leg hang over the rail a moment and then drew it back. The woman did the same with hers. An instant later the man again started to climb over the parapet and the woman immediately balanced herself with one leg far over the edge of the window sill.

"Adieu, Ernestine!" cried the man.

"If you throw yourself in the water, Gustave," cried the woman, "I will fling myself out of the window."

By this time the crowd had grown to enormous proportions. It was no longer breathless with suspense, but its humor had become jesting, and they proffered fluent advice to the young man and the young woman by turn.

Gustave finally grew ashamed and gave up trying to frighten Ernstine, and with lowered head made his way through the crowd and back to the house, where she awaited him smilingly. There doubtless a full reconciliation was effected between them. The crowd watched him until he disappeared, and then cheered before the house until the two young people appeared at the window with their arms about each other's waists and bowed in recognition of the interest their little play has created.

RARE OLD WINES.

A Queer Wall Street Connoisseur Who Says There Are Only 5,000 Bottles of Old Madeira in New York.

Down in the busy whirl of Wall street, in one of those old buildings that had to be remodelled to keep them from tumbling down, is a man with a hobby. In business circles he is known as a wine merchant, but he is more than that—he is a connoisseur, and can give you the history of a bottle of old Madeira by crumbling the cork or by looking at the shape of the bottle. In being a lover of wine he has merely followed the traditions of his family, for the firm has been in existence since 1830.

Much of his time is taken up in caring for the wine of others, for his reputation as an expert is widespread. If he wishes to speak he could tell many secrets of the treasures of some of our millionaires' wine cellars. Another important branch of his work is in settling up estates, and many a day and night has he spent rebottling rare old wines that had been neglected for years. It is from these estates that he secures much of the fine stock that fills the shelves of his office.

There are surprises among these shelves if you only look for them. Here, for instance, are a number of bottles once owned by Henry Ward Beecher. It must not be imagined, however, from this that the celebrated Brooklyn divine was the owner of a wine cellar. The peculiar character of the lot, consisting, as it does, of vintages from the four corners of the world, makes it more probable that the wine was sent to Mr. Beecher by enthusiastic admirers.

The Cyrus W. Field estate makes a much better showing. There is a really imposing row of bottles that once belonged to Warren Leland, of the old Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, whose wine cellar was celebrated when that resort was a much gayer place than it has been of late years since the stopping of the horse racing.

The wine merchant's rooms are a favorite resort of lovers of old wine, who rummage among the shelves as men of different tastes haunt the old book stalls. If you should find him in a happy moment, and he thinks that you are capable of appreciating such a kindness, he will show you all the treasures that his shop contains, and it is not improbable that he will give you a taste—but just a taste—of some rare old wine of a vintage that carries you back to a previous generation. Many a bargain is to be picked up, for it often happens that you can find there a few bottles of a certain vintage that could not be duplicated in the city.

After a little conversation with the connoisseur it is easy to see that his favorite wine is old Madeira, which is no longer as fashionable as it once was. This prince of wines, which took Europe by storm when it was first introduced there at the end of the fifteenth century, has always been made to serve for heirloom purposes. The first thing a rich man did on starting a wine cellar was to stock it with old Madeira, which was intended to be handed down from generation to generation.

In many cases the wine was allowed to remain uncared for, instead of being recorked every ten years, and much of it was lost altogether. The connoisseur estimates that at the present time there are not more than 5,000 bottles of old Madeira in the wine cellars of New York. This wine reaches perfection when seventy years old.

HAUNTED BY SUICIDES.

A North River Pier with a Very Grewsome Record.

IT AVERAGES A DEATH A WEEK.

The Foot of Canal Street the Most Popular Place in New York for Self-Murders.

One person commits suicide every week at Canal street and the North River. That is the average record of what residents of the vicinity know as "Suicide Slip." This average has been computed on the number of suicides at that spot for three years.

The fact that a place is a favorite resort for suicides doesn't add to its reputation, but Canal street suffers without reason. It is simply popular with persons on suicide bent because it happens to be a convenient location.

Canal street leads directly from the most crowded section on the East Side to the river, and it is this neighborhood which every year contributes the largest number to the list of self-murderers. Besides, the river front for a distance of several miles is taken up almost entirely by steamboat docks, to which it is hard to obtain access. These docks are always more or less crowded, and a suspicious looking person, and suicides are generally suspicious looking, is very likely to be stopped.

At the foot of Canal street is a long pier jutting out into the river, used for loading scows with refuse matter. This affords the individual bent upon self-destruction just the opportunity he seeks.

Of the recent rescues, or attempts at rescue at "Suicide Slip" or its vicinity, that by Patrolman Chrystal, of the Eighth Precinct, was one of the most thrilling. Shortly before midnight, recently, the officer was startled by a woman's cry, and turning saw a female fling herself into the water. Chrystal instantly followed and grasped the would-be suicide. The woman fought desperately, and finding the officer too powerful for her threw her arms around his neck and tried to drag him down also. Although a powerful man and an expert swimmer, Chrystal found himself too heavily handicapped, and it was not until almost exhausted that he broke the woman's hold and saved himself.

"Pat" Cox, as he is called by his brother officers of the Sixth Precinct, is another man who thinks less of losing life than he does of spoiling his uniform when it comes to saving a fellow being from drowning, whether intentional or accidental. His last proof of this assertion was the rescue of a woman. He caught sight of one just as she jumped, a short time ago. Running down the dock at the top of his speed he dived from the stringpiece, reaching the surface just as the woman rose for the first time. Seizing her with one hand he struck out for the shore with the other. Although the tide was setting out strongly the officer's pluck and endurance carried him and his burden to the wharf, where ready hands soon placed them on terra firma. Cox's only comment, after asking if an ambulance had been sent for, was: "Well, it wasn't as cold as I thought."

Another hero of the force, whose spurs were also won near "Suicide Slip," is Officer Cagney, of the Thirty-seventh substation. Although the man he tried to save was lost, it was not his fault. The steamer Saratoga had just pulled out from her berth when a man jumped overboard in full view of hundreds of people. Without an instant's hesitation Cagney was after him, but in spite of his almost superhuman efforts could not succeed in landing the unfortunate in time to save his life.

The greatest number of suicides occur during the Fall of each year. This is due to the fact, it is thought, that this particular season brings despondency to many. It often happens at this season that there will be one or more such suicides every day. The majority of these unfortunates are Germans of the poorer class. The people who commit suicide who are members of the higher classes of society usually take their lives in a different manner—by taking poison or shooting themselves. The slip is, of course, free to all. Most suicides are committed through poverty, and this is the reason for the popularity of this fatal point.

Daniel Hogan, a policeman of the Thirty-seventh Precinct, known as the "Steamboat Squad," which guards "Suicide Slip," has the distinction probably of having saved more lives last year than any man in town. He has become so accustomed to going in after these would-be suicides that he himself says he "doesn't mind going in any more than eating his lunch." He has become so accustomed to the appearance and general manner of a would-be suicide that he is able to detect one almost instantly.

BURMAH'S DEMON TREE.

Its Very Name Causes the Natives to Shudder, and the Torture It Inflicts Is Frightful.

In far Burmah there grows a tree, the mention of the name of which causes a native to shudder with terror and to breathe a prayer to his divinity that he be spared from its terrible, excruciating, agonizing touch. It is known to travelers and natives of Burmah, the villages of the Himalayas and the Malacca peninsula as "the burning tree." A specimen of it, not much larger than an American blackberry bush, has been added to the famous botanical garden at Madras. It is given a liberal space to itself, and is surrounded by a picket fence upon which hang placards in English and Hindoostance bearing the legend:

DANGEROUS.
All persons are forbidden to touch the leaves or branches of this tree.

To those who know what the burning tree is, the caution is quite unnecessary. The name is a misnomer, as the tree stings rather than burns. Beneath its smooth green leaves are stings comparable to those of the nettle, only infinitely more painful and aggravating. These stings have points of microscopic fineness, and pierce the skin without leaving any apparent mark. The fluid is secreted at the moment of contact, but causes a maddening pain, which sometimes continues for months.

Victims claim the sensation is that of having the flesh seared by hot irons. On damp days the agony is augmented, and to plunge the afflicted part into water is to cause an ecstasy of torture that will throw the strongest man into a paroxysm. This tree ranges in size from a bush to the height of fifty and seventy-five feet, according to its location. The smaller the tree, the more terrible the effects of contact with it.

The Burmese in the parts of the country oursed with it hold it in mortal terror, and flee wildly when they detect its contiguity by the peculiar odor which it exhales. Should one be so unfortunate as to plunge into its branches he falls to the ground, rolling over and over and rending the air with his shrieks. Dogs touched by it are driven mad. They yelp and run, biting and tearing the parts of their bodies that have been touched. Elephants touched by the demon tree act like fiends, tearing up trees and rolling in the dirt bellowing in their agony.

A horse that had come in contact with the tree ran wildly about biting at everything and everybody, and in his frenzy jumped from a cliff and was killed. The serpents of the Burmese jungle and the wild monkeys of the forest never approach the dread tree. A missionary at Mandalay whose curiosity led him to investigate the leaf of the tree with the tip of one finger, suffered constant agony for a month, and for a year afterward felt occasional darting pains in the finger. The native doctors know of no lotion that will relieve the intolerable pain.

HOW TO GET RICH ON $50.

Chances Open to a Newcomer in New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN EMPLOYER.

Small Lines of Business from Which It Is Possible to Make Good Profits.

Given a stranger of intelligence, industry, sobriety, honesty, health, some business training and a cash capital of $50: How can he invest his money so that it will help him to a living?

How can John Smith, of Anyplace, being strong, honest, sober and intelligent, make his $50 win him bread, if not fortune?

Uptown or on the Bowery he can rent a small—a very small—shop for $10 a month, fit it with shelving himself for $3 and rent a neat little counter and show case for $3. Any cigar factory will sell him a dozen brands for $25, and on the strength of that payment give him credit for an additional $25 worth. Also it will supply him with any quantity of empty boxes. Ranged on the shelves they will make a brave show. Besides that, it will attend to his license for him.

This will leave him $7 of reserve capital. The profit upon the cheaper kinds of cigars ranges from 75 to 100 per cent. The better brands yield a return of 50 per cent. If his stock is attractively displayed and he stands behind his counter and looks pleasant, John ought to make a living, more particularly as he will have no room rent to pay and can get his breakfasts himself.

If he is akin to "little Robert Reed," and believes the "nasty weed" to be immoral, he can get a larger shop for $15 rental, fit a gas range in the window for $15, buy a white duck coat and cap for $1, and stand in view of the public and cook buckwheat cakes. It is a simple art. He will have coffee, too, and rolls and milk. He can make with his own hands a better article of maple syrup than one gets in restaurants by purchasing his sugar and boiling it in pure water. Certainly with his cafe flowing with milk and maple syrup John will not starve.

Having glued his wealth to his person and slept in a 25-cent lodging house, the morning papers after his arrival will contain his advertisement asking for boys who wish to earn a living blacking shoes. He can equip twenty-five of the youngsters—requiring a small cash deposit from each—and turn them loose upon a harried public. An industrious boy can earn a dollar a day on shines if the weather be fair. Fifty cents a day would be a low average. Of this the employer would receive one-half. His income should be $6.25 per diem or more; his outlay for supplies not more than $1. Furthermore, if he kept his linen clean, he could look like a gentleman, for any one of his downtrodden employes would be glad to oblige him with a shine.

The $50 with which the future merchant prince invades New York would open a good many news stands for him, and in paying localities. This is a city singularly devoid of news stands, a fact which strikes the visitor much more forcibly than the Gothamite, who has grown used to patronizing the itinerant vendors. Outside of the elevated railway stations and the hotels, there is not one for every ten blocks. No man grows rich selling papers by ones, but much money is found in selling them by hundreds or thousands.

Did any one in a busy town ever stop long enough to calculate the tremendous profits made by the men who peddle wood and coal in the crowded tenement districts? It does not run under 100 per cent. Wood by the 5 cents worth and coal by the 10 cents worth may help to make the poor poorer, but they enrich the man who does the selling. As Smith is supposed to be honest, we will allow him to give extra good measure and rake off only 50 per cent gain on his investment. For this work he would need, first, a few boys to make the deliveries, and, later on, a horse and wagon—maybe a half dozen. He would do the canvassing himself. Convincing these people after a few trials that he meant what he said would be a great deal to them and a great deal to him.

There is an opening in New York for a man who will contract to remove dry garbage—waste paper, tin cans, ashes, etc.—for families dissatisfied with the present system. What are called the "trimmings" would more than pay the contractor. He would not find any diamonds probably, but he would find many salable things. In a little while he would be the possessor of a first class junk shop. Fifty dollars would more than suffice for a small beginning in this business.

Smith could rent a room high up in some tall building of the downtown district. It would not cost him much. Into this room he would place two or three girls—expert tie, cravat or scarf makers. He would pay them living wages. Then, with samples of varicolored and many-qualitied silks in a small satchel he would make the rounds of our young men soliciting orders. He would get the orders, and the young men would get scarfs of the latest style and best quality for 25 cents apiece. There is a man in New York doing this now. He began a year ago, and is wearing diamonds, but outsiders do not know how much he pays his help nor how long he makes them work.

New York men, married and single, give much of their money to steam laundries which keep the entire force of the recording angel working double time. A man with $50 could rent the necessary room, ready furnished, and hire a couple of expert washerwomen. He could call on the males and present his cards, guaranteeing hand laundering and repairs, domestic or fancy finish. In three weeks he would be forced to get larger quarters and hire more help. That part of tortured humanity blessed by his visits would throw money at him. It stands to reason that any being wearing trousers who has an income of $75 a month would give one-fifth of it to find buttons always on his garments, all rents closed up and no serrated edges on the neck-bands of his shirts or on his collars.

These avenues to subsistence and possible competence have been shown the man who has $50. Travelling any one of them he is an employer. It does seem that anybody with that much money who would work for anybody else has something wrong with his mental make-up.